Algy's Little Plan.

"Oh, Algy, papa will never consent to it."

Julia Melton surveys herself in an opposite mirror as she speaks, and gives sundry little touches to her hair. Her brother is looking gloomily at her.

"I don't see why not," he says. "The Governor is making money so fast he'll be rolling in it soon. I don't need to marry a girl with it. He has an eye for a good looking girl, you know, and Dolly is deucedly pretty."

"Oh, yes. But then you know she's old Mr. Bolton's niece. Papa hates him ever since they both ran for Mayor and he was elected—old Bolton, I mean."

"I forgot the Bolton business," and Algy's gloom deepens.

"It would never do, you know, to marry without his consent. He'd cut off your allowance at once." And Julie gives a pat to one little wave of hair that will not lie at the proper angle.

"What's a fellow to do? See here, Julie, I love her to distraction. I can't live without her, and I know she'll die if I give her up. It's not to be thought of!" exclaims Algy vigorously.

"I don't see what's to be done," Julie remarks, leaning comfortably back in her chair. The obstreperous curl is keeping its place now.

"We'll just get married anyway. I've got the income my grandmother left me."

"It wouldn't buy your cigars," absently, with another glance at the mirror.

"I'll give up smoking. We'll manage. Dolly does not care a snap for money. She'll be happy on a crust with me." This last with a grand complacency as he strolls up and down the room. Suddenly he stops before Julie and claps his hands jubilantly.

"By George, Julie, I've an idea. Why can't we arrange for the governor to meet Dolly without knowing she's Bolton's niece or that I am interested in her? Get him to like her, you know?"

"How could we?"

"Easily. Why, it's the very thing! Why didn't I think of it before. It might have all been settled before now. You must fix it up, Julie"—excitedly.

"How? I don't see how," she returns doubtfully.

"Why, just invite her to the house on a month's visit. She's your old schoolmate, you know. I'll give her a tip to be sweet to the governor. He'll never be able to resist those eyes of hers. At the end of the month he'll be glad to have her for a daughter-in-law."

"Well," hesitatingly, "it may do."

"Of course it will. And you'll be the greatest brick of a sister. You can begin at once. Tell the governor at dinner that you are going to invite your former schoolmate, Miss Dolly Lister, to make you a visit. I'll write to Dolly and let her know all about our little plan."

"Well, then you must take yourself off some place while she is here, for you'd be sure to do something silly to make papa suspect something, and that would spoil all." Julie's tone is decisive.

Algy's face falls. That was a part in the little plan he had not counted on.

"Well," after a moment's thought, "I suppose it's best, but it's confoundedly hard. I'll take a run South. You must write me every day and tell me how matters proceed."

"Oh, certainly. I'll tell papa at dinner, and mind, you mustn't seem to pay much attention to it."

"I'll go and write to Dolly now."

Julie looks after his retreating figure pityingly. A man in love is such a goose, but Dolly is a pretty, innocent little thing, and she will do all she can to help Algy.

Julie arranges matters so skilfully that before the end of a week Miss Dollie Lister arrives at the Melton home to spend a month with her old schoolmate Julie.

On the day before her arrival Algy leaves with a party of friends on an extended trip through the South.

Julie keeps her promise, and sends him frequent letters to keep him informed as to the progress of their little plan.

The first of these ran:

"Dear Algy: Papa is so busy that he spends most of his time down at the office. He hasn't taken much notice of Dollie yet. Hope you are having a good time," etc.

"Dear Algy: He seems quite pleased with her. She is looking very pretty. I tell her she must not write you for fear of papa finding it out," etc.

"Dear Algy: Matters are going on finely. Dolly is obeying orders and making herself very agreeable to him. He is unusually generous with theatre tickets and flowers," etc.

"Dear Algy: I have had the misfortune to sprain my ankle, and for the last week I've had to stay in my room. Papa is very good and is trying to entertain Dolly He takes her driving every day. Think our plan will be successful," etc.

"Dear Algy: All is going well. I am not yet able to use my foot, but papa seems not the least annoyed at having to amuse Dolly. She is a sweet little thing," etc.

Then comes a silence of some days. Algy is beginning to think that he might return home and disclose to his father his love for Dolly, when the following note comes to him:

"Dear Algy: It is awful! Papa and Dolly were married last evening, and have gone on a trip to California. I knew nothing of it until I received a note from them after the ceremony.

"The little wretch!"

The Work of Time.

RFIEND — Hello, Handel Barr. What are the prospects for cycling? Anything new in styles?

HANDEL BARR — Yes, a few new wrinkles on the bicycle face.

After a Long Silence.

MRS. SOMERS—The man in the flat above has sung and whistled and knocked over furniture all the evening. Do you suppose he has suddenly become daft?

MR. SOMERS—Oh, no; he's all right. His baby went away for the Summer today.

SHE—When we were married you said our life would be one long tandem ride.

HE—And so it is. I take the back seat, do all the work, and you insist on steering.

He Was a Disappointment.

Mr. Popter's old college chum had made an evening call on him for the first time since the former's marriage, and had gone away again.

"Well," said Mrs. Popter, "if that's the Mr. Robinson you told me about I can't say I agree with you."

"What about?"

"Why, you so often told me that he had the greatest sense of humor of anybody that you had ever known."

"Well, hasn't he?"

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Popter decidedly, "not a bit. He has no sense of humor whatever. You know how delightfully funny and comic and bright and humorous and witty baby is, don't you? Well, your friend never appreciated a word of baby's conversation to-night! That's a fact. When baby was brought in, and she said 'Boob' just as sweet and bright, Mr. Robinson merely looked at her as if she were like any ordinary baby, and he didn't even look around when baby said 'Bah bah goog'—just like that. Oh, you have no idea how cunning she was!

"I held her in my arms, and when she twisted around and pulled Mr. Robinson's eye glasses off in the cunningest manner imaginable, and said 'Er-r-r-r-r-r,' I thought I should have died with laughter. She positively is the brightest and wittiest baby in the whole wide world, without any exception whatsoever. Now, isn't she? But, Frederick, if you'll believe me, every word of what she said was absolutely lost on that dull Mr. Robinson. Sense of humor? Well"—

Mrs. Popter's disdain choked her utterance.

Woman's Way.

She said she fairly hated him,
Despised him and detested him;
So roundly she berated him,
You'd think she'd have arrested him.
She snubbed him and offended him;
To frenzy's verge she carried him,
And when she'd nearly ended him,
She turned around and married him.

The Editor's Advice.

The editor sat in his office. With a puzzled air he poured over some manuscript which he had just opened.

"I'll be darned," cussed the editor, "if I can make anything out of this unless it's a product of some new school I'm not onto yet."

No wonder the editor was bothered, for this is what he read:

"Matilda, lovely lily of the leafy glade, was lying on her mossy couch. Anon the birdlings twittered, while into songs of joy and merriment the butterflies and rattlesnakes broke in one general chorus. But Matilda heard it not. For but one kind of a noise was she awaiting—the sound of approaching footsteps. She heard it not. So it was that fair Matilda in a burst of anguish cried, "Alas! he cometh not!" "Alas! he cometh not!" cried Matilda, for he had n o t come.

"Now, what in the deuce," growled the editor, and then in an altered voice exclaimed: "Oh, I see"

Instead of attributing this literary gem to the vagaries of an impaired brain, the editor saw that it was the direct and faithful result of a little friendly advice from him. A few days before he had handed across his desk to a young man a cumbersome bundle of manuscript. Noticing a shade of despair flit across the young author's brow, he had kindly added a ew words of advice to the curt rejection of the articles.

"If you are trying to write a humorous story," he said, in summing up, "have it end in a point."

"Be sure," he had cautioned, as the young man withdrew, "have a point at the end."

The young author thankfully promised to profit by the advice. That he did so may be readily seen.

A Valuable Recipe.

Whether it was because he had been smoking too many cigars during the day or had been drinking coffee too late in the evening, certain it was that he found himself quite unable to get to sleep that night.

He tossed back and forth nervously and shut his eyes tightly, but in vain.

His wife had long since dropped off into the arms of Morpheus, and the baby, too, was fast asleep and breathing regularly. But there seemed no sleep for him.

He counted in imagination one hundred sheep jumping over a fence.

He recited to himself as many lines of Scott's Marmion as he could remember.

He reckoned up in his mind all the money he owed to the tradesmen in the neighborhood. Still he was just as wide awake as before, and he was now beginning to get a little mad about it, and was uttering a cuss or two beneath the pillow, when his ear caught the sound of a restless movement made by the baby.

Supposing that baby were to get awake! What then? Why, he would have to walk her until she went to sleep again. The thought no sooner occurred to him than he was seized with a deep and heavy slumber.

Logic.

FIRST BOARDER—We are going to have chicken salad to-morrow.

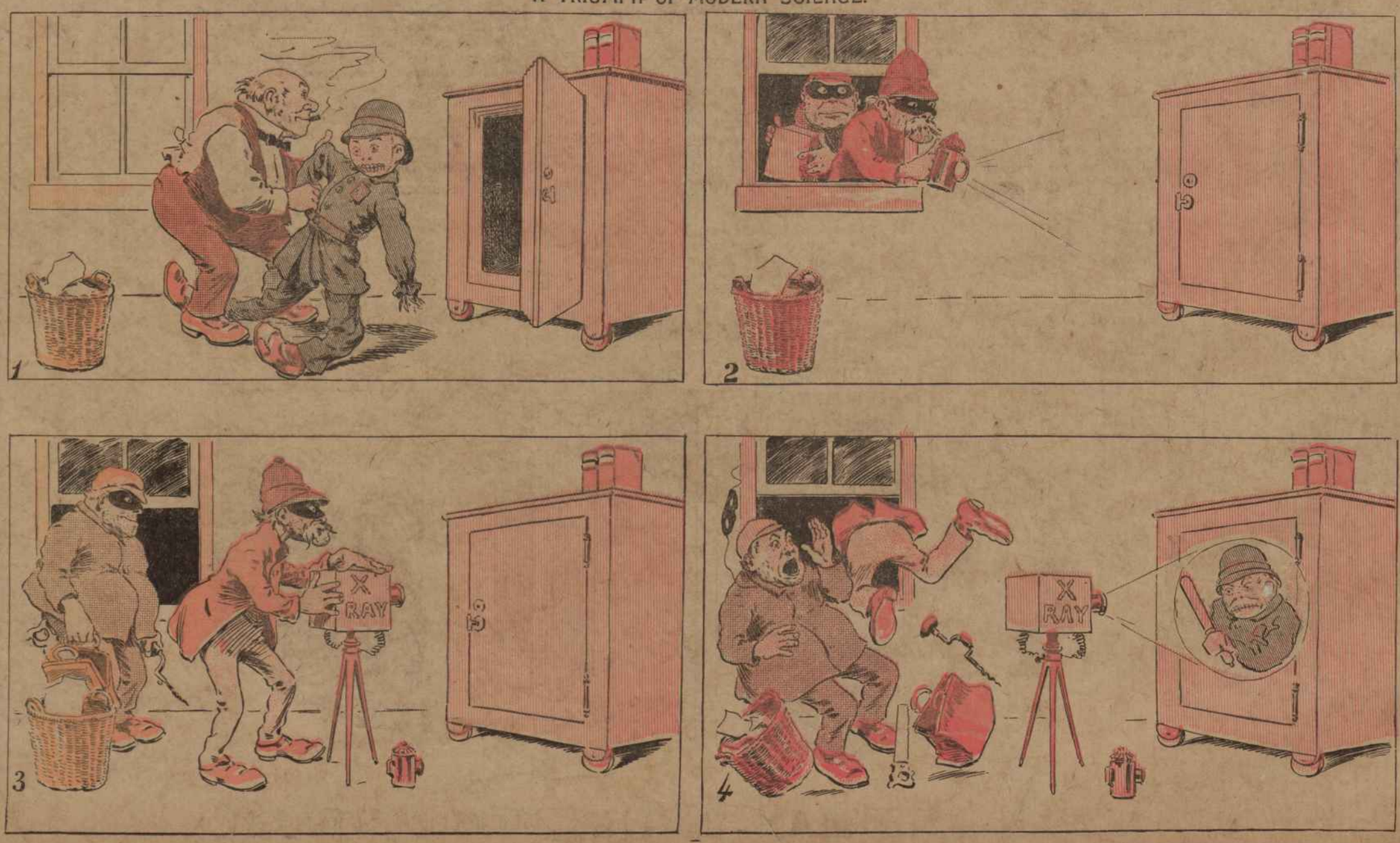
SECOND BOARDER—How do you know?

FIRST BOARDER—I just heard our landlady order ten pounds of veal from the butcher.

As Clear as Day.

When Nellie was my sweetheart she
Was twelve and I eleven;
But now she's only twenty-four,
And I am thirty-seven.
Yet there's no mystery to solve:
Since youth's delightful day
I've lived in New York City, she—
In Philadelphia.

A TRIUMPH OF MODERN SCIENCE.



A Romance of the Diamond.

CHAPTER I.

"It is useless to urge me further; I cannot be your wife."

Edith Elton uttered these words in a tone that left no hope in the breast of Michael Donegan, her boyish-looking lover. And as he hung his head in despair she explained why he was not on her eligible list.

"I like you," she said, "but it has been the dream of my life to marry a man who is above his fellows, who sways the masses and mommands their applause. I would wish to hear thousands of people shouting my husband's name and looking up to him with admiration. In a word, I am ambitious. Now, you are a nice boy, but you are not out of college yet, and you give no promise of future distinction. I know you care nothing for your books and give most of your time to athletic sports. The man I marry must"——

"Ah, you mean to accept that Congressman who has been hanging about you lately?" interruptèd the young man bitterly.

Edith Elton blushed and turned her head away. For a full minute Michael Donegan gazed straight at her. Then, in a tone that rang in her ears for many a day, he said: "Very well. Marry your Congressman. But let me tell you that if it is glory you are after you make the mistake of your life in not choosing me. Some day, in bitterness and anguish, you will acknowledge the truth of my words. Farewell, Edith Elton!"

And Michael Donegan turned on both heels, to make his exit as dramatic as possible, and left the house.

CHAPTER II.

Edith Elton married the Congressman. At first she thought her dream had been realized. She sat in the gallery of the House of Representatives and flushed with joy when she heard a speech by her husband applauded wildly by some of his colleagues. She also enjoyed the applause he received at public meetings. But as time went on she perceived that he was only one of many; that there were a great many more pebbles of the same sort on the beach and that he was not even a noticeably large one. Then disappointment began to gnaw at her heart.

CHAPTER III.

One day the Congressman, who was something of a baseball enthusiast, asked his wife to accompany him to a game at the Polo Grounds. She languidly consented. The first inning was in progress when she took her seat in the grand stand. For half a minute her eyes roved over the field. Then she started, flushed and stared at the handsome young fellow who occupied the pitcher's box. It was Michael Donegan! She recognized him at once, although she had not seen him for five years. And just as the recognition took place he struck out a famous batsman and from twenty thousand throats came the cry: "Hurrah for Mickey Donegan!" The rest of the game was like a dream to Edith Spouter. She heard the thousands repeatedly yell their admiration for the champion pitcher, and when, in the ninth inning, he struck out three men in succession, thus shutting out the enemy without a score, she saw twenty thousand men, delirious with joy, spring into the field to shake the hand or touch the garments of the great Mickey Monegan. She saw a half dozen enthusiasts lift him above their heads and start to march about the grounds, while the rest shouted till they were hoarse. And as the crowd passed the grand stand she saw Michael Donegan's eyes fixed on her with an expression that clearly meant: "Do you remember my prophecy? Didn't you make a big mistake?"

Edith Spouter could stand no more. With an impatient "Come on!" to her husband, she hastened home, and, throwing herself on her bed, moaned: "My life is a failure, and it is all my own fault. I am tied to a mere Congressman when I might have been the wife of Michael Donegan, the idol of the people. Ah, Michael, your prophecy has been fulfilled indeed! In bitterness and anguish I acknowledge that I made the mistake of my life when I sent you away."

Excessive Enterprise.

"I guess," remarked Farmer Hornbeak slowly, "that I admire enterprise as much as anybody does, but I am kinder of the opinion that it can be carried to excess. Even a good thing can be run into the ground, you know."

"What are you referrin' to, Ezra?" asked the wife of his bosom.

"Why, you know when that tract society up in the city sent out a man to paint religious signs an' warnin's on the barns an' rocks, he inscribed the question in red paint everywhere: 'Do you want to be saved?' Wal, now I see that another painter, workin' in the interest of a patent medicine concern, has jest been over the same ground an' added beneath each question this answer, in letters a foot long: 'If so, take Pritchett's P e c u l i a r Pills!' That may be all right, but blamed if it don't look to me like enterprise carried to the point of offensiveness."

His Job in Danger.

FIRST GRIPMAN—Hello, Bill! Kill anybody to-day?

SECOND GRIPMAN—Nary a one.

FIRST GRIPMAN—Look out or you'll be losing your grip first thing you know.

In Evidence.

O'HARRA—You Americans go to the Irish for almost everything, don't you?

GOTHAMITE—Oh, yes; you will find on almost everything the words, "Pat applied for."

On the "C."

HE—Is it really true that women read their novels backward?

SHE—Well, what can we do if we can't get a seat any other way?